

Isekai no Mahou Fengo ga Douमितemo Nihongo dattaken - WN Chapter 01-11

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Chapter 1

December 21, 2015

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Translator's Notes

My legacy as a translator begins here...

Author's Notes

Pleased to meet you.

I will regularly release a chapter a day, so long as I have some chapters in stock. When I run out, releases will become irregular.

I will try as much as possible to prevent my stock of chapters from running out. Your support will keep me motivated!

“O flame”

The magic language reacted with the æther in the air, unleashing the power hidden within its words. Immediately, a burning red flame manifested before my eyes. It kept burning, but it used up its energy and disappeared before long.

This was but one of the spells written in the grimoire – *flame*.

The word, *flame*, from the magic language held the meaning of fire. It was a spell that, upon chanting it, allowed the caster to freely set something ablaze. In order to harness this spell, it was essential to learn the magic language; to understand the precise meaning of its words.

The magic language reacts with the æther in the air, unleashing the phenomenon hidden in its words and manifesting it in reality. For that reason, as a magician, it is vital to be able to sense the æther permeating the air. Although

it differs from person to person, it is said that most humans have the basic ability to sense æther.

In the first place, it isn't rare to see humans benefiting from æther in everyday life. Fertile soil, clean deep rivers, and even the food they eat everyday all contain æther. In that sense, it is possible to say that all humans born in this world have the potential to use magic.

Nevertheless, magicians in the Kingdom of Halcania, the country I reincarnated in, are few and far between.

The reason being that learning the magic language is an extremely difficult endeavour. As obvious as it may seem, the pronunciation of the common tongue is completely different to the magic language.

The magic language, unlike the common tongue, only has five vowels. However, the basic sounds number over 50, and each one must be pronounced correctly in order to invoke any spells. Also, some of these sounds are never used in ordinary everyday words.

In addition, there are numerous words that have completely different meanings, yet have exactly the same pronunciation or intonation¹. According to the context and phrasing, there are even subtle alterations that can alter their meaning, resulting in even a single sentence having infinite variations.

This is why there are so few magicians. With a lack of general education, it's virtually impossible to find magicians from the commoner population. Even among nobles, only those with a gift in the magic language and attended a magic academy have a decent handle on magic.

On top of that, the graduation rate of magic academies is merely 5%. In other words, even if 100 people enrol in an academy, only 5 of them can be expected to graduate successfully. In reality, it's rare to have more than 100 people enrol a year so the number of graduates is even less.

Throughout the entire Kingdom of Halcania, less than 50 people have been recognised as magicians by the royal family. Since there are so few magicians, just being one brings enormous wealth, glory and prestige.

To garner such a reaction, becoming a magician is, as expected, a long and

arduous road.

...although, none of that applies to me.

My name is Gerald and in the near future, I will become the Royal Archmage of the Kingdom of Helcanea.

I also had another name from a previous life, Okata Kazuhiko. I was born and raised in a country called Japan on the planet Earth. I was a young man at tender age of 19 when I passed away...

¹ Technically,「発生」means “utterance” but that sounds strange in this context (or any non-linguistic context that I can think of).

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Chapter 2

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Let's talk about the first time I used magic.

In this world, I was born and raised in a quintessential farming village, northwest from the imperial capital of Meiziss¹. My parents held a managerial role and, compared to the other families, we were on the affluent side. Though I say affluent, it was only slightly above the average commoner household.

Aside from the land we owned, which was considerably large, everything else was very ordinary. Taking this into consideration, it was actually a miracle to be able to find a grimoire in such a mundane place.

One day, around sunset...

"Gerald, could you go grab a new candle?"

"Okay!"

At night, in this world, basic lighting consists of candles and oil² lamps. Nobles may have the magical illumination known as the *sphere of light*, but you won't find any commoners that possess it. For that reason, every household in this village would light candles once the sky darkens.

That day, the candle in the living room was flickering and was about to burn out. And without any candles, we'd have to eat in the dark. For that reason, when a candle looks like it's at its end, we needed to retrieve another one from the storage room.

After nodding to my father in acknowledgement, I headed towards the storage room. Upon opening the door and entering, I was met with a scene of chaos that spread throughout the room. So many things (mainly junk) were scattered about and forced together. It was to the point that you couldn't tell one thing apart from another.

There was a table missing a leg, a broken vase, a shelf missing its handles and stuck closed, carelessly stacked old thick wood and bundles of paper... Years of neglect had made everything dusty, especially the air.

“As usual, it looks like going to be tough to find even a single candle...”

It’s amazing that someone could feel inclined to store something like candles in a room like this. Doesn’t Father think that searching through this is too much trouble? As shocked as I was, I should probably find a candle soon. And so, I forced my way in and waded through the junk.

“If only it was a little more organised...”

I let a complaint slip after discovering that the mess was worse than I imagined. After some more wading, and a little effort, I managed to uncover a plain wooden box that the candles were stored inside.

“Alright, found it...”

While reaching out to the box of candles, I accidentally brushed against a nearby tower of books.

“Ah!”

By the time I shouted, it was too late.

Stacks of thick books, bundles of paper and similar items collapsed with great force onto the ever disheveled floor. Letting out a sigh, I glared at the books scattered across the floor before me.

The chaos had become evermore impossible to tidy up.

Well, from the start it was impossible to tell where anything was anyway...

“Dammit...”

Getting on my knees, I decided to at least clean up a little and started by grabbing the books within reach. Then, amongst the books I had gathered...I discovered it.

“Hmm? This is...”

It was large and had a deep crimson binding. The front cover was extravagantly decorated with golden thread, giving it the impression of an expensive

ornament. Rather than a book, I had the feeling it was more apt to describe it as a decoration.

It was so large that I had to hug it to my chest to pick it up. The book was decidedly heavy for my 5 year old self. On top of that, although the book was wearing out, the paper itself was of significantly high quality. Until then, all the paper I had come across was like sandpaper. I had never experienced such a smooth sensation from touching paper³.

“I wonder if this is some special book. The binding looks really high quality.”

Either way, this isn't the kind of book you would find in a rural farming village. It was more like a book that would be handled by the rumored Royal Library. After thinking so, I spontaneously became extremely interested in its contents.

At five years of age, I had already learnt to read and write, and had recently been spending some of my spare time reading. When my mother put me to sleep, she would often recount tales of heroes and other local legends, but I loved them so much I would get so excited that I was unable to sleep. It was a foregone conclusion that a book like this would greatly arouse my curiosity.

It crossed my mind that it could be something that shouldn't be touched, but that thought lasted but a moment before my curiosity won over and peeled open the front cover. However, the letters written in the book were not the ones taught to me by my parents, but something else entirely.

“...? This is, err...”

Page after page were completely covered in a strange language. Was it a foreign language? Or an ancient one? I had absolutely no idea with my mere 5 years worth of knowledge. The only thing I understood was that it would be impossible for me to read this by myself.

Oh well, it can't be helped...

It was a bit of a shame that I couldn't read it. I might also get in trouble for touching such a splendid book without permission. After convincing myself of that, I tried to close the book. In that instant, it happened.

“—a, gah, aaaghaarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!?”

I was assaulted by furious headache.

It continued for a while, and when the headache eventually dissolved I had regained my memories of a past life⁴. I thought it would fry my brain; having a lifetime's memories poured into my head in such a short time.

Regardless, at that moment, I remembered everything...

I remembered that I was called Okata Kazuhiko...

I remembered that I was a 19 year old university student studying arts...

I remembered that I was run over by a car and died...

I remembered the time I spent half-alive before succumbing to my injuries...

And naturally...I remembered the Japanese language...

Memory after memory streamed in without pause.

“W, what the hell...could it be...a flag?” I muttered unconsciously.

The concept of flags...does not exist in this world. The use of that word is, in itself, the greatest proof that I had recovered the memories of a past life.

¹ メイシス

² Oil is not mentioned, but I think that's what it's referring to. I'll change it if it turns out to be magical or something.

³ Exaggerate more please.

⁴ Not convenient enough, in my opinion.

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Chapter 3

December 23, 2015

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Still disoriented by the unforeseen crisis, I returned my gaze to the front cover of the book, noticing that the golden embroidery (which I thought was purely decorative) actually traced out a sentence. Radiantly brilliantly, it read *A Collection of Useful Everyday Spells*.

This... “This is just Japanese!”

It really truly was. There was even a mix of hiragana and kanji woven into the cover. To find it in this world was totally unexpected.

Could it be?

To confirm my suspicions, I opened the front cover and discovered I could now read the previously unintelligible contents. Naturally, the book was written in Japanese. Even the contents itself was as I suspected, going by the title. Seeing this, I was as shocked as the first time I attempted to read it.

Regarding the contents of the book, it was awful. If I were to make a basic summary, it would be something like ‘hello’, ‘thank you’, ‘goodbye’, ‘let’s meet again’, ‘there was a snowy country on the other side of the tunnel’, ‘the great I, am a cat’¹, ‘bodhisattva’, ‘Mr. Careless’... The unusual and meaningless phrases were endless.

When and where would someone ever say ‘the great I, am a cat’? Well, in this case, since copyright no longer applies, would there be any issues anyway? It doesn’t even exist in this world... I continued turning the pages amazed until, suddenly, one sentence stole my attention.

‘O light, banish the darkness with your radiance.’

At last, an incantation-like phrase appeared. Seeing as it was about to become dark, it was an appropriate time to test it.

“O light, banish the darkness with your radiance.”

The instant I finished chanting, a shining yellow ball about the size of my palm manifested before my eyes. The sphere of light glowed gently, lighting up the previously dim room.

“No way...just now, was that, magic?”

I sat frozen, gaping at the sphere of light.

Coming to, I immediately turned my attention back to the now clearly illuminated page and began to rapidly spot many other phrases that seemed like incantations.

‘Within darkness, conceal the light.’

‘O sweet spring breeze, warm us with your fragrance.’²

‘Drive away the dampness, the abominable clamminess.’³

‘Purify the air, cleanse it of its filth.’

They were both overly dramatic and tortuous tongue-twisters. Nevertheless, they were the kind of thing that you would use as incantations; I could probably invoke a spell by chanting them. I decided try one out.

“Within darkness, conceal the light.”

I pointed at the shining sphere of light as I chanted and the second I finished, it abruptly vanished.

“O light, banish the darkness with your radiance.”

The sphere of light manifested once more.

“Within darkness, conceal the light.”

The sphere of light vanished.

After that, I experimented with the rest of the incantations, most of them displaying some magical effect. A few of the incantations didn’t do anything, but that could be because some unknown requirements weren’t met. In any case, I once again sat dazed, slowly realising I was grasping magic way too quickly.

Magic, in this world, was surprisingly easy.

Is it okay for a fantasy world to be like this?

[¹ A book by Natsume Sōseki](#)

[² ...wat?](#)

[³ ...again...wat?](#)

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Chapter 4

December 24, 2015

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In the living room, dinner was about to be served. It was a calming and tender atmosphere, until the door was opened in a flurry.

“Mother, Father, listen! Listen! It’s amazing!”

The excited high-pitched voice of a boy – my voice – reverberated throughout the room. My father, who was drinking beer, faced me with a questioning look while my mother, who was setting the table, gazed at me with a mix of concern and bewilderment. I ignored how Mother glanced at me as if doubting my sanity.

“A really amazing thing happened! It’s super amazing, super duper amazing!”

I uselessly repeated the word ‘amazing’ in an attempt to convey the significance of my discovery – completely belying the fact that I had lived for a total of 24 years. Consumed by excitement, I was unable to give a clear explanation.

“Wait a minute, Gerald...is it more important than eating dinner?”

“ ... ”

Father’s sarcastic remark threw cold water on my enthusiasm.

In the living room, a sphere of light shined down from above. Father and Mother sat at the four-person table while my baby sister slept soundly in her crib. Mother probably fed her earlier. She had a lovable peaceful expression as she slept.

On an unrelated note, the menu for tonight was ham, egg, mashed potato and onion soup. It was a humble fare, but eating Mother’s cooking never failed to warm my heart. And so, while appreciatively smacking my lips, I recounted my time in the storeroom.

“...and it was written in the magic language. I didn’t understand it at first but, for some reason, I suddenly got this headache, and then I was able to read it.”

By the way, I didn’t mention that I regained the memories from my past life and pushed all the blame onto my ‘mysterious headache’.

It’s not a lie...technically...

“Hmm...so something like that happened. It’s hard to believe, but it’s impossible to deny it seeing this.”

Father crossed his arms while inspecting the light overhead (that I had created earlier with my magic). He was frowning and seemed to be deep in thought.

“Strange things happen, don’t they...”

On the other hand, my mother remained unperturbed.

“We don’t know anything about magic. Is it even possible for our son to suddenly be able to read the magic language and cast spells?”

“That’s true...I didn’t think that our son would learn how to read that grimoire we received 10 years ago. Gerald, can you lend me that book for a little while?”

“Sure.”

I handed the book, which was on my lap out of the way of the food, to Father who was sitting opposite me. He effortlessly lifted the heavy book and started examining it from various angles.

Then... “Hopeless...looks like I can’t read it. Do you want to have a look too, Cecilia¹?”

Mother shook her head.

“No, I’m okay... It would be convenient if I could do the cooking, cleaning and washing with magic, but I enjoy it.”

“Even so...haven’t you wished you could use magic like in the stories?”

It seemed it had brought out the kid in Father; his voice was laced with excitement.

“But I’m also busy taking care of Sierra²-chan³.”

“Cecilia, you didn’t exactly answer the question...”

“And I don’t like violence, you know...”

“Like I said, that’s not really an answer.”

Father’s expression soured after hearing Mother’s casual response. I understand her feelings though...

“Besides, Russel, we’ll be as busy as ever taking care of Sierra-chan. Surely Gerald-chan will be able to help out with his magic from now on?”

Mother gently smiled, her gaze moving from Father to me.

“Right, Gerald-chan?”

“...please don’t add chan.”

“But Gerald-chan is my cute child.”

“Again, that’s not an answer!”

“But you haven’t answered my question either.”

“He’s at the age they start acting like grown-ups. I understand it’s tempting to tease him, but go easier on him, Cecilia.”

“Father, not you too!”

When I raised my voice in irritation, the two of them smiled warmly.

It was a picture of a happy family.

It was the very image of happiness.

It was in total contrast to my past life. And yet, unexpectedly, there was a nagging feeling of unease.⁴

Author’s Note

Thank you for the amazing support, I plan to work hard as long as it lasts.

Again, thank you for your continued support.

³ [Japanese honorific of endearment](#), for the none of you that haven't seen this before.

⁴ Subtle foreshadowing is subtle.

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Chapter 5

December 28, 2015

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“Umm...”

“Hmm? What’s wrong, Gerald?”

“Mother, Father...you’re not afraid?”

Anyone could tell that I was uneasy. My parents expressions, which had been filled with laughter, immediately became concerned.

“Scared? Of what?”

I lowered my eyes in response.

As soon as I first used magic, I ran shouting to my parents like a child. After calming down, however, I doubted the wisdom of my actions. It may not have been the best idea to let them know I could use magic.

No ordinary commoner could use magic; they wouldn’t have the opportunity to learn how. In fact, only a fraction of the upper class could.

If a commoner were to be thrown into the world of the rich and powerful, they would probably be rejected due to their inferior social standing. In the same way, as a magician, commoners might distance themselves from them. Mother and Father might also be frightened of the power I possess.

In that case...I wonder if I’ll be treated as if I was a cancerous tumor...just like I was in my past life... I was filled with anxiety and despair. Yet, Mother, who may have seen through my feelings, gently called out to me.

“Hey, Gerald-chan. Listen.”

“...ok.”

“To me, magic is a terrifying and dangerous thing.”

...she’s probably going to say that she’s afraid. She’ll probably tell me, with her

sweet loving voice, that she's afraid of me.

My hands balled into fists.

Nevertheless...

"Even so, we wouldn't be afraid of Gerald-chan."

"Your mother's right."

Father raised his voice in agreement.

Wait...what?

"You're not...afraid? I would be. If there was a person who was much stronger than me, I wouldn't want to be near them."

"Yes, I think I would too."

"Then, why?"

My voice wavered. Mother tenderly smiled and said,

"Because Gerald-chan is our child."

"Ack, didn't I say not to add chan?"

"Gerald-chan, if you're going to hide your embarrassment, at least give us the satisfaction of blushing."

"Father too?!"

Mother and Father burst into giggles.

"And, what do you want to do, Gerald?"

"Me?"

"So, are you interested in magic? Do you want to be a magician? Most importantly, do you want to master many different spells?"

"Well..."

I want to, obviously.

I loved books in my past life. I loved the stories they told. Manga. Light novels. Games. They were always by my side. I often fantasized about the many worlds they depicted.

It's impossible for me not to jump in joy using magic.

It's impossible for me not to aspire to be magician.

"Definitely. I want to learn more magic. I want to be able to cast hundreds lots of spells."

"Is that so..."

Father narrowed his eyes and started patting my head.

"Huh?!"

"I thought you would say that. As expected of our son."

"Umm...Father?"

I was perplexed. As Father continued to energetically ruffle my hair, my head was knocked about making me a little dizzy. Before long, Father stopped and said,

"Gerald. I'm giving this grimoire to you,"

and held out the grimoire he still had in his hands.

"...is that ok?"

"I believe that books exist for the reader. So, I suppose this grimoire exists for you. Don't you think?"

Father faced me with a smile. It made me feel all warm and fluffy. I can proudly say that my parents are the best parents in the world.

Father gave me his recognition and Mother easily accepted me, who had unexpectedly become a magician. Without a doubt, despite my magic, I felt that my parents were far more amazing than me.

Author's Note

Next time, Gerald continues his cozy village life, polishing his skill in magic and relaxing with his family.

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Chapter 6

December 28, 2015

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It's been three days since I received the grimoire from Father. I've been completely engrossed in it. Aside from incantations, the grimoire also covered other topics pertaining to magic.

I read it over and over again.

According to the grimoire, this world is filled with æther. The act of using the magic language to influence æther into causing a supernatural phenomenon is to 'cast a spell', and to cast a spell is to 'use magic'. Therefore, in order to use magic, you need to be proficient in the magic language.

In other words, æther only reacts to the magic language, Japanese, and no other language... Japanese is seriously awesome.

I found this further into the grimoire:

The magic language is fundamentally a language – each word has meaning. You cannot successfully influence æther and cast a spell just by chanting the incantation. You must understand what it is you are saying.

I see... Now I understand why I could use magic so easily; I'm already fluent in the magic language, in Japanese.

In addition, I read that even if the pronunciation or phrasing is a little off, you can successfully cast a spell as long as the words are correct in context and you can roughly imagine the desired effect. However, it appears that this can significantly weaken the spell.

As an example, I could chant 'O sun!' and it would result in a spell resembling the sphere of light. Basic imagery like 'glowing' and 'light' should be sufficient to make it work. However, in this case, it appears that you will be seriously sunburnt. Although, that should be obvious since you are summoning a star that emits strong ultraviolet radiation.

Next, even further into grimoire, it described the spell system in more detail. In summary, it introduces three methods of casting spells.

The first method is to use the magic language to influence the surrounding æther. This method doesn't consume any of your personal reserves. Instead, it is difficult to finely control the power and effects of the spell.

Correct pronunciation and a precise image is also required. It's unlikely to work if the pronunciation is wrong or the image is too vague. In the end, the fact that it is easy to be affected by the concentration of æther in the air makes this method unreliable.

The next method is to inject your own æther into the incantation. Unlike the first method, this gives you fine control over the spell's power and effects, making it vastly more reliable. However, on top of consuming your æther, it seems like it drains you physically as well.

Furthermore, depending on how sensitive you are to æther, it may be impossible to manipulate it. Ultimately, this method is limited by the amount of æther you have.

The third and final method is something of a hybrid of the other two. You start by absorbing the surrounding æther into yourself, and then inject it into an incantation.

This consumes little to none of your æther, doesn't fatigue you and you can compensate for low æther concentrations in the environment with your own, all without sacrificing control.

Unfortunately, this was but a dream for me since I can't sense æther. And so, my first urgent goal was to learn to sense æther.

The grimoire also explained how to train your personal æther reserves – use magic 'til you drop. The wording made it sound like weight training. Reading on, it turned out that although you may not sense æther at first, as you experience how the magic language reacts with æther, you gradually learn to sense it as well.

I now understood that continuously using magic is crucial for both increasing your æther reserves and learning to sense it.

Now that I know, I have no reason not to do it.^{[1](#)}

At any rate, the goal is to constantly use magic.

It's the best the thing to do if I want to polish my magic skills.

Author's Note

Thank you for subscribing and reviewing! Your reviews are especially motivating!

I don't have the time to reply to them all, but I am reading them! I often refer to your suggestions!

Thank you! Thank you!

I'll be posting the next chapter tonight around 7-8.

^{[1](#)} Just DO IT!

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Chapter 7

December 30, 2015

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Author's Note

Although I usually write during the day and post at night, I had some spare time. I'll post tonight as well.

"Gerald-chan! Food's ready!"

I was absorbed in the book when Mother called out to me from outside. Closing the grimoire, I headed to the living room.

"Heed my command, open the way!"

As I spun my magic, the door opened without me touching it.

I felt like I was someone special. It was a great feeling.

Satisfied, I entered the living room where I found my parents sitting at the table, eyes popping out. I'm not surprised; the door did open by itself.

Though, technically, I opened it with magic.

"Gerald, just then..."

"It's a spell that opens doors."

I proudly puffed out my chest.

"...isn't it faster to open it by hand?"

Father's words were coloured with disapproval.

"I understand you're happy that you're learning magic, but make sure not to be overly reliant on it."

"I know. By the way, isn't it a bit dark in here?"

I still bright outside, but the blinds had been lowered, blocking out the sun.

“Oh, really? I don’t think it’s particularly-”

“O light, banish the darkness with your radiance!”

Interrupting Father, a sphere of light manifested near the ceiling of the living room. The dim room was filled with its dazzling light.

I tried to consciously sense for æther but...it was hopeless. I couldn’t sense it at all. Unsurprisingly, it wasn’t going to be that easy.

During my contemplation, I heard crying coming from the crib. Looking over, it appeared that the sudden brightness woke Sierra up. She protested against her rude awakening with teary eyes.

“Oh dear. There, there, Sierra-chan.”

Mother hurried over to pick Sierra up and looked at me accusingly.

“She was having a nice nap! Now she’s upset!” she said with a pout.

“Oh, s-sorry, I’ll get rid of it. *Within darkness, conceal the light!*”

I hastily chanted the incantation and extinguished the light. The room returned to its previous brightness. With everything back to normal, Sierra buried her face into Mother and started breathing softly.

“You shouldn’t have disturbed her nap. She was sleeping so peacefully.”

“Ok...sorry...”

I didn’t think she would be woken up so easily.

“But I wanted to practise my magic and...”

“Still, it isn’t good to disturb Sierra-chan’s sleep, is it? Right, Russell?”

“Listen to your mother. Whether it’s words or magic, there is a time and place for them.”

I was scolded by Mother and Father. There was nothing to refute and I apologetically hung my head.

“I’ll try not to use magic from now on...”

“Did either of us say not to use magic?” said Mother.

“Huh? But...”

“As long as you keep in mind the time and place, you can use magic all you want.”

“Really?!”

“Yes. For now, since the soup’s cooled down, how about heating it with magic?”

Reminded by Father’s words, I noticed that the soup had gone cold during our conversation. Mother also noticed and said, rather deliberately, “It would be so nice if someone could reheat the soup.”

I nodded firmly.

“Leave it to me! Let me see, that’s right...”

If it’s just to reheat some soup, fire magic is probably the best choice. In that case, I only know one appropriate spell. I wielded the power of the magic language, still trying to sense any æther.

“With the flames of purgatory, burn to nothingness!”

Blazing flames rushed forth, striking the soup with a great woosh. The intense flame heated the soup. As for the result...

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

“Gerald...what is this supposed to be?”

Father peered inside his bowl. All he found was a pitch black substance stuck to the bottom.

“That would be the soup I reheated with magic.”

“I see, soup you say?”

“Yes, soup.”

“I see...I see...”

Father picked up his spoon and reluctantly scraped at the charcoal left at the bottom of the bowl.

“So...what you’re saying is, that this here is soup?”

“Well...”

He looked at me, his eyes full of disappointment. I had no response. Nothing but charcoal remained. No other traces of the ruined soup could be found.

“Sorry... It seems like in my attempt to heat up the soup, I burnt it to cinders.”

“Is that so...”

Father gloomily returned his gaze to the remains at the bottom of his bowl. Feeling sorry for him, I offered my share of the soup.

“Ahh, err, sorry...”

“No, it’s fine, Gerald, but...I’d appreciate it if you could be more careful from now on.”

“Yeah, I’ll be careful... I’ll be careful, Father.”

Father and I were disheartened. This is ridiculous... all I wanted to do was practise magic. I never intended to incinerate Father’s food.

While I was busy being depressed, Mother sighed, “Hmm, it seems it’ll be a while before Gerald-chan can help out with his magic,”

as she put Sierra back to sleep in her crib.

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Chapter 8

January 2, 2016

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Author's Note

Posted as announced! This chapter is about learning from past mistakes.

It's been half a month since 'the case of the burnt soup'.

Reflecting on my mistake, I decided that I should confirm the power level¹ of the spells in the grimoire. At any rate, I was far too excited. In spite of being a five year old child in this world, it was still quite embarrassing since I used to be 19 years old in my past life.

Even if no one knows that apart from me...

At the very least, I should act a little more like an adult. Magic carries a potentially deadly might. Nevertheless, I had the confidence to handle these spells, whatever their effects.

The magic language is Japanese, and I was formerly Japanese.

There's no way I couldn't use magic.

However, as easy as it was to use, I was far from being a master. My first step towards mastery should be to find out what effects an incantation manifests.

And I knew the quickest and easiest method to do so; cast all the spells and record their effects.

"Okay."

I left the house through the back door and opened the grimoire. On the page, a variety of spells were written in kanji and hiragana. Although I had read it through from start to finish, I had only experimented with 10 incantations.

In all seriousness, how am I supposed to know in what situation I should use

‘Mr Careless’?

I learnt from burning the soup how scary it can be not knowing the effects of a spell; not to mention a spell whose effects I can't predict at all. No matter what, I will not let the soup's sacrifice be in vain.

“I guess I'll practise.”

If nothing else, I should at least try out all the incantations I'm not sure about. I even came to the backyard, just in case.

The backyard was a substantially spacious space. There weren't any trees or houses, just a large empty expanse. It should reduce the chances of any accidents occurring. Also, it was hidden from the other houses in the village, making it the perfect spot for me to practise unseen.

Just because I've been accepted by my parents, I can't say the other villagers will too. Hence, I decided that it would be better to hide my powers.

“Okay, let's start with this one...”

It was getting dark.

I wiped the sweat off my forehead and took a deep breath. Naturally, while I managed to test a lot of incantations, casting spells repeatedly really tired me out.

Even though I was still at the stage of using the surrounding æther to fuel my magic, chanting incantations all day is fairly tiring. At least it didn't consume my internal æther as well, to say nothing of the fact that my body was merely 5 years old.

There's no way it wouldn't wear me out. In particular, my throat was parched. I needed water as soon as possible.

“Hah...hah...wheeze²...”

At the moment, I was still unable to sense æther or manipulate my internal æther at will.

I hope I'll be able to soon. No, I *will* learn to sense æther.

Once I figure it out, I'll probably be on the way to becoming a great magician.

"Eurgh...this is bad, I'm so tired..."

I fell flat on the ground, panting. Even though I was exhausted, it felt good. I was filled to the brim with a sense of accomplishment and was about to fall asleep. I can't fall asleep yet though.

I discovered several things during today's experiments.

First and foremost, the effects and power of the incantations written in the grimoire. Despite the many cryptic and unclear incantations, I was able to determine their effects just by using them.

Next, I uncovered the relationship between an incantation and the resulting spell. In a nutshell, spells manifest according to their incantations.³ If you say *'burn'*, it burns. If you say *'freeze'*, it freezes.

In 'the case of the burnt soup', I said *'burn to nothingness'* and that was probably why the soup was burnt to cinders.

"Oh, so, if I had said *'heat up the soup'* instead of *'burn to nothingness'...*"

I imagined that, at that time, my magic was smiling at me and said,

"I burnt it to nothingness!"

My mind stalled on the image of 'flames of purgatory heating stuff up' and entirely disregarded the *'burn to nothingness'* part. If I had said *'with the flames of purgatory, heat it up'*, it probably would have been completely different...

Though I should have noticed straight away that something was wrong with such a dangerous word as *'purgatory'*.

I was totally and utterly taken with the fact that I could use magic.

In reality, nothing goes well when you get carried away.

I was lucky that only the soup got burnt. I shiver just thinking that I could have burnt my family to ashes instead. I now keenly understood how an incorrect incantation can result in manifesting unintended phenomena.

I need to carefully consider my phrasing...

Also, whether it's because of this relationship between spells and their

incantations, there are multiple incantations that result in the same spell. For example, if I chant *‘O flames’* a flame will materialise. In the same way, *‘O flammable robes that cover the sun’*⁴ will also materialise a flame.

Obviously, covering the sun with flammable robes will end with a fire⁵, and it suggests that incantations with the same nuance will have identical effects.

However, *‘in this place, show me a ruby’s radiance’* also materialised a flame. This is just a guess, but it could be because when I imagined a ruby’s radiance, I imagined a brilliant red flame.

I haven’t figured out how the image, the magic language and æther work together, but it should be safe to assume that a spell is cast by directing æther with the magic language according to an image you hold in your mind. As a result, it should be possible for a flame to appear with the words *‘ruby’s radiance’*.

That said, no matter how impressive an incantation may be, a simple chant like *‘O flames’* is far more practical.

“Whatever, I’ll just use these incantations for now.”

With a basic grasp on the laws of magic, I can potentially make my own original incantations. However, it’s more important to learn to sense æther first.

I can come up with incantations later.

¹ It’s a valid translation!

² I am surprised to say, wheeze is a legitimate onomatopoeia.

³ No way?! How is this possible?!

⁴ I’m having a hard time deciding which is worse, flammable robes or abominable clamminess...

⁵ No, I’m pretty sure it just vaporizes way before you get close.

Chapter 9

January 4, 2016

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Author's Note

It's time for the younger sister to take the stage!
Please enjoy how our protagonist gets all warm and fuzzy!

While I was busy with my thoughts...

"Hellooooo~! Gerald-chan!"

Mother appeared carrying a tray with a cup of water. My younger sister Sierra was sticking close to her. The 2 year old Sierra, who hadn't been weaned yet, had learnt to walk and talk.

"All that's left is to graduate from breast milk,"

Mother sometimes says with a wry smile. Sierra had yet to meet her expectations.

"Hellooooo~! Niitan¹!" she giggled.

So cute!

Unlike Mother's hair which was an autumn leaf brown, Sierra had beautiful chestnut brown hair. Her inquisitive reddish-brown eyes darted about, her adorable lips curled into a smile.

It was no doubt what you would call an innocent smile. Simply watching her was enough to make me happy.

"Niitan, niitan!"

she cried out, waddling over on unsteady legs. The sight of her arms reaching out, wobbling left and right as she staggered over brought a smile to my face.

I was overcome with the desire to protect her. I felt – how do I describe it – like something warm was filling up my heart. Her presence alone brought others joy.

What could it possibly be? What is this cute creature?

It's so cute!

"Sierra, just a bit further. Come on, Oniichan is here!"

Without noticing, as Sierra approached me I ended up calling out encouragingly. Since I was slightly bent over while cheering Sierra on, she ended up snuggling face first into my stomach. She smelt like baby milk.

Oh-my-god-such-a-seriously-cute-so-cute-super-cute-creature.

"Amazing! You did great walking so far!"

I praised her with much enthusiasm. It's amazing for a 2 year old to walk so far!² She made it to me all the way from the back door!

If that isn't cute, then what is? I grinned. I wonder why the particular way a child's face lights up as they smile is so captivating.

I squeezed Sierra in my arms. She's SO soft...

What a delightful creature. I want to keep hugging her close and go back to sleep. I wish they sold body pillows like this.

"Oww, niitan it hurts!"

"Ah, sorry. Was I squeezing you too much?"

"No, it's okay to squeeze more!"

This is dangerous. My brain is about to short circuit. So cute! After hugging her tightly again Sierra hugged me back. Ahh, I can't let her marry anyone.

You need to be oniichan's wife, oniichan's.³

I won't hand her over to anyone.

Without question!

And so, while I was busy rubbing my cheek on Sierra like a cat, "Here's the water. You worked pretty hard today, didn't you?"

“Err...yeah, thanks. I wanted to test a lot of incantations, so I can use them properly.”

When I conveyed that I didn't want to make any mistakes like before, Mother returned an affectionate smile.

“I'm glad. I'd rather not waste any food, you know.”

“Yeah...me too. I don't want to waste the food you cook either. It's so delicious!”

“Oh dear, still a child and already so good at flattery.”

“D-don't call me a child!”

But it's true, Mother's cooking is honestly delicious. I hadn't eaten such delicious food even in my past life. Certainly, since it was a farming village the food was bland and there was no gourmet cooking.

Yet, taste isn't determined purely by the ingredients and technique. I believe who cooked the food is equally as important. There's nothing quite like a mother's cooking. So I absolutely refuse to waste such food again.

“Sierra too! Sierra wants water too!”⁴

Sierra complained next to me, interrupting my secret vow. It looks as if Princess Sierra greatly desires some water.

“Okay, okay. Have half of mine.”

I answered and handed her my half empty cup. But then, Sierra was about to drink when the cup slipped out of her hands. The water spilled from the cup, soaking her clothes.

“Ah.”

“Oh no...you're drenched,” Mother and I cried out.

“No choice. Sierra, let's go change.”

“No, it's okay. I can dry it now.”

I said and pointed my palm towards Sierra's wet clothes. Mother looked at me concerned.

“Gerald-chan...”

“Yes?”

“Sierra isn’t like soup; we can’t lose her. If by any chance you...you understand right?”

“It’s alright, I won’t. I guarantee it’s safe this time!”

“Really?”

“Really!”

“I’m trusting you, okay?”

“It’ll definitely be alright!”

“Nothing will go wrong?”

“There won’t be any problems!”

“...really?”

“Like I said, it’ll be alright!”

“I’m trusting you, okay?”

“I’m 100% sure about this!”

“...nothing will go wrong?”

“Nothing will go wrong! How long are you planning to do this?! Didn’t we just repeat ourselves?! Scary!”

For a moment, I saw a future where we continued to the end of time. I cleared my throat, breaking the infinite loop.

“It’ll be fine, look. *Drive away the dampness, the abominable clamminess!*”

A warm breeze was released from my palm, instantly drying Sierra’s damp clothes. The effect of this ridiculous incantation was to dry things. It had the power to dry wet things.

With this, it was possible to quickly dry clothes even if it’s raining. If the washing line was inside, it won’t become humid and would prevent the clothes from smelling.

“Amazing, Gerald-chan! I believed you could do it!” Mother exclaimed overjoyed.

She was excited like a child. I didn’t know whether to feel proud or insulted by her reaction, due to her lack of confidence not so long ago.

“Niitan is amazing!”

Yep, Sierra was still innocent and cute. So adorable. What a wonderful creature.

“That’s weird, I was sure Mother was extremely skeptical before.”

“That was your imagination.”

“My imagination, huh?”

“Of course. There’s no way I wouldn’t believe in Gerald-chan. You’re my child!”

I couldn’t help but smile wryly.

It was very much like something Mother would say. So much so, that I was almost fooled by it. Maybe it’s inevitable that I’ll always fall for her tricks.

“Come on you two, let’s have dinner. I’m starving!”

“Me too.”

“Sierra too! Sierra’s hungry too!”

Holding hands, Sierra and I followed Mother inside.

¹ [Oniisan](#) -> Niichan -> [Niitan](#), for those of you who haven’t seen this before.

² No, it’s not. In fact, you should be worried she’s developing so slowly.

³ *sigh* ⁴ In Japan, it’s common to find children referring to themselves by name (instead of using a pronoun).

Chapter 10

“Gerald, let’s go on an adventure!”

One morning.

at breakfast, my father suggested this.

— —

Three months have already passed since I was able to use magic for the first time.

I remembered most of the incantations of the magic spellbook, and was able to warm the soup, or dry the laundry when it rained, and spent days helping in the house by preparing the firewood for cooking. During all of this, my father proclaimed “Let’s go on an adventure,” and the two of us went to the forest that day.

“..... rather than adventuring, it would be more accurate to call it hiking...”

While walking towards the grove between the trees, I murmured, the scene before me was much too idyllic to be considered an adventure.

“Exactly right!”

“I think I said what I meant” [\[0\]](#)

“Don’t worry about the small details. If I say it’s an adventure, then it’s an adventure.”

This father, he’s usually a steady and hard worker, but he often becomes strangely childish.

Well, I’m sometimes too serious, but I guess I’m just stubborn.

“Even so, why suddenly come here of all places?”

“Yeah? Well, I didn’t suppose you’d like it, Gerald. It’s actually kind of fun to walk around these places once and a while!”

So there doesn’t seem to be any particular reason. But I nod anyways at my father’s words. I’m ashamed to say this, but I don’t have any prior experience in hiking, not in my previous life. At best there was rock climbing at school.

That was not a fun memory, because I was floating around, alone, without any friends.

But now it's different. When I look overhead, I can see the branches and leaves of the tree leave a shadow in the rays of the sun's light. The light poured onto the ground and drew a mysterious shadow, like a painting directly drawn on the earth. The wind occasionally blows, not too cold nor too warm – just right. The fragrance of the forest permeates and fills my chest, and I breathe deeply. They say that magic fills the forests, and indeed, the air tasted and felt different to that which I usually breathed.

“Look, Gerald. Over there. There's a bird over there.”

I was enjoying the scenery and looked there upon hearing my father's words. Perched upon the branch that my father had pointed to with his finger was a small bird with blue feathers. I likely wouldn't have noticed had I been walking by myself.

But since I was with someone who I was familiar with, I will know things I would otherwise never notice. It may be a somewhat splendid thing. It is a strange feeling that cheered me up, and so we walked the trails in this way.

“.....Yeah. That's right. How should I say... It's good like this.”

My father nodded and eyed the unusual hue of the bird.

“Don't you agree? I found that it's important to try walking around leisurely, and you may make discoveries you can't find in everyday life. And around here, it's rare for demons to wander, unlike around a dungeon. Even if I fought a demon of the lowest grade, I could only deal a little damage to it.”

“Dungeon? Is there such a place?”

Hearing the word 'dungeon', I unconsciously asked this.

“Of course. That is to say... wait, no. For the time being, sit.”

We came to an opening in the road.

I put my rucksack on the ground and sat in a suitable location. I took a water canteen and some snacks from inside the bag, and was accompanied by my father who told me about the dungeons.

“Now. Where should I start?”

Father’s story began. In different parts of the world there are things called dungeons.

There, demons who harm humans are born, and every day they attack neighboring towns and villages. In the old days there was a powerful family of witches who were known as the the “Seal Appointing Individuals.” Even if they were able to wound them, regardless of what the humans did, they could not defeat the demons, so instead they decided to seal the demons. The sites sealed by the “Seal Appointing Individuals” were the precursors to today’s dungeons. Once the seal weakened and changed due to the malice of that which was sealed within, it changed shape into a dungeon, and demons were born there. It is said that the creatures called demons were born in order to attack mankind. By the way, the things known as “Mazoku” is generally a Seal Appointing Individual, while “Mamono” [demon] indicates the kind of monster that spawns within a dungeon.

“It was immediately obvious that with only the the knights and soldiers, the country would be unable to cope with the monsters. Therefore, the country established the adventurer system. By going on adventures to the dungeons with other adventurers, they were able to curb the threat posed by the demons.”

“In other words, the country prepared towns and attracted people out there?”

“Yes. In addition, they attracted ruffians and criminals. There seems to also be some magicians.”

In that way it is said that the people who gathered came in order to hunt demons to gain rewards for their mercenary work.

“Of the adventurers, the achievements of the magicians are overwhelming. They can kill many demons with large-scale wide range offensive magic, instantly killing those that a sword or spear couldn’t pierce. So for a magician, their true vocation would be an adventurer.”

“.....But, isn’t it dangerous?”

My father nods at my words.

“Of course it’s dangerous. However, we are constantly collecting information about the demons. If you aren’t prepared and are reckless, it is easy to die.”

Information seems to be paramount, regardless of the time and place.

Seeing this, I was convinced.

“But, well, I don’t really yearn to be an adventurer.”

“Really? I thought you’d be attracted to the adventures and romance, dad.”

“But father. Do you think we should try an adventure in the dungeon?”

“Of course we shouldn’t. Above all else, you are my most important treasure. And our home is the jewelry box for it to go in.”

Though I make a “Doya” face, my father has put some consideration into this...
“By the way, we have been talking for a while. Let’s go home before it gets too late. When it gets too late, Cecil gets upset, and it’s hard to put her in a good mood every night.”

Is it a story in bed at night? Why do you need to put her in a good mood?
.....For the time being I don’t want to imagine too much.

W-wh- wha-whatever! It’s only the first day! Thank you to our readers! When I began serialization, I thought it to be a dream within a dream including the interval first place on a day, but the dream has come true.

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This is all because of you readers.

As always, thank you very much for your support! We will also appreciate your continued support!

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I know the formatting is crap, but I have too little motivation to fix it...

[\[0\]](#)「そうとしか言わないと思うんだけど」

Chapter 11

HOLY SHIT CYRO DID SOMETHING, IS IT SLAVE HAREM?

No, it's not Slave Harem, but the new chapter of SH has come out this week, so I'll have it TL'd and up by early next week.

Also, I've been doing a bit of behind the scenes work, there should be a lot less 404 errors for new people linking into the site (caused by moved/renamed chapters). A large amount of 404's are also being caused by special characters in titles, and the addon I found for it didn't cut it, so I need to keep looking on that item.

This is what I'm thinking of doing in between SH chapters. Someone originally did 9 chapters at the start of the year, and nobody has heard from them since. I started working on chapter 10... and then found it was done by someone else about a month ago, so "a month ago" doesn't fit my dead series criteria. However, that was the only time that TL had been active in over half a year, so I left him an offer to joint it, and waited a week. No reply, so here it is. If he comes back & wants to work on it I'll work with him to speed up.

The chapters are shorter than SH, but the writing is a bit harder to MT & gave me the feeling I should try & learn Jap, but I'll see how I go.

It's called "**No matter how you look at it this world's magic language is Japanese**" or Isekai no mahou gengo ga doumitemo nihongo dattaken, or 異世界の魔法言語がどう見ても日本語だった件

[Here's the first 9 chapters.](#)

[and chapter 10.](#)

The first fight.

The forest added to the darkness.

The sun shining in the sky is really starting to fall now as well.

Also...

"Haaaaa.....haaaaaaaa"

Father is nearly out of stamina.

“Father...”

Low stamina... well, that's part of being an adult.

“Wh.. what is it Gerald? Your Father... haa... is just a bit out of shape.”

“I think it's because you haven't been doing any exercise.”

“That's true, but exercise is hard! It would be nice to be able to boast about how fit I am, but I just can't do it.”

“Ah, yes, yes, it's such a hard thing. This coming from someone who's exhausted.”

“Haaa... haaa, don't try and think that this is someone else's problem, Gerald. You're the son of Cecilia and I.”

Don't say such a terrible thing with an air of superiority.

... for now, along with studying magic, and practicing reading and writing, I should also play a lot outside.

Still, I haven't gotten exhausted after hiking, but we haven't really gone that far.

...I should consider this as a warning about my physical strength, this thing Father called 『Adventure』.

“Well, it can't be helped Father... 『Heaven's defend this person with your divine protection.』”

I utter the incantation aimed at Father, and a magical light covers his body.

“Oh? What's this? My body feels so light.”

“It's magic to strengthen your body, Father. Can you keep walking like this?”

“Yes, um. Thank you, son. The azure stone! The star in the night!”

“You don't need to praise me like that...”

By the way, when Father calls me the star at night, it's because of my jet black hair and pupils. They are like the night, and I am my Father's treasure, like a jewel. That's why my Father calls me his star at night.

Well, it's fine. I don't mind being called that.

...Mother says it sometimes as well.

It feels like a romanticised title when it comes from her.

Are they similar because they are a married couple? They are a good match.

“Let’s go, Gerald! Your mother should be waiting with some warm soup!”

“Oh, it looks like you’ve really got your energy back...”

I lowered my shoulders in amazement.

Then I furrowed my eyebrows because of a strange feeling. It felt like my skin was itchy, a similar sensation to the one I get when I use magic.

Just then...

“Oooooooooaaaaa, what is thaaaaaaaat!?”

I heard Father yell.

“What’s wrong Father!?”

“It’s coming Gerald! A monster!”

Blocking the way in front of Father, there was a monster about twice his size. I’ve never seen any monsters around this area, this one has an appearance like a wild boar covered in bluish fur.

Futhermore, the monsters body was wrapped in a mysterious bluish light. I’ve never seen a creature with it’s body wrapped in light like this.

It looks dangerous, something like 『a lower-class monster』 I think.

Father pulled out his wooden sword for self defence from his knapsack.

He holds it awkwardly, and springs at the monster.

“Eeeeeeeeeeeeeee!”

It’s a pitiful yell, but the wooden sword is swung at the enemy with a lot of spirit. However, it makes a cracking sound as it strikes the monster and breaks.

“Wh, what... this can’t be...”

Father lets out a small voice and staggers backwards as things happen different to what he expected.

Also, I think Father’s attack might have made it angry? The monster violently

scratches the ground with it's foot.

Crap.

“『Soul of heroes, rage of war, grant power and skill to my body.』”

When I used the spell, a golden light covered me and I felt my body fill with power.

This is a spell for physical strengthening. Unlike the one I put on Father, this one improves 『combat power』.

This raises endurance, strength, reflexes, and agility. It gives you enough power that you can outmatch even a soldier.

“Oraaaaaa....”

I charged out like a bullet at the same time as the monster put strength into it's limbs.

I jump between Father and the monster, and block the monster with one hand.

“Oh.”

I strike it's head with my other hand, and it's skull shatters, killing it. It would have been dangerous if I couldn't use Japanese. We wouldn't normally be able to win such a fight.

“Father, are you alright?”

“Um, ah.... I think so. That was amazing, Gerald!”

“Yes, I used magic to strengthen my body.”

As I speak, Father lets out a breath of relief.

“Thank you, I appreciate it. But... you can't use that power in front of people from the village.”

“...it's not good?”

“Even if you aren't bad, there are people who will assume you are if they see that power.”

It feels like Father hasn't finished yet.

“However, Cecilia and I, we know you're not bad for using magic. I want you to

know that.”

“...um. Thank you, Father.”

Not everyone in the world would be happy with this power.
But my heart is lifted because my Father, Mother, and Sierra won't leave me.

...even though my father isn't that good with his words.
Well, perhaps we're the same in that regard. Like Father like son maybe?



[Cyrogen](#)

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